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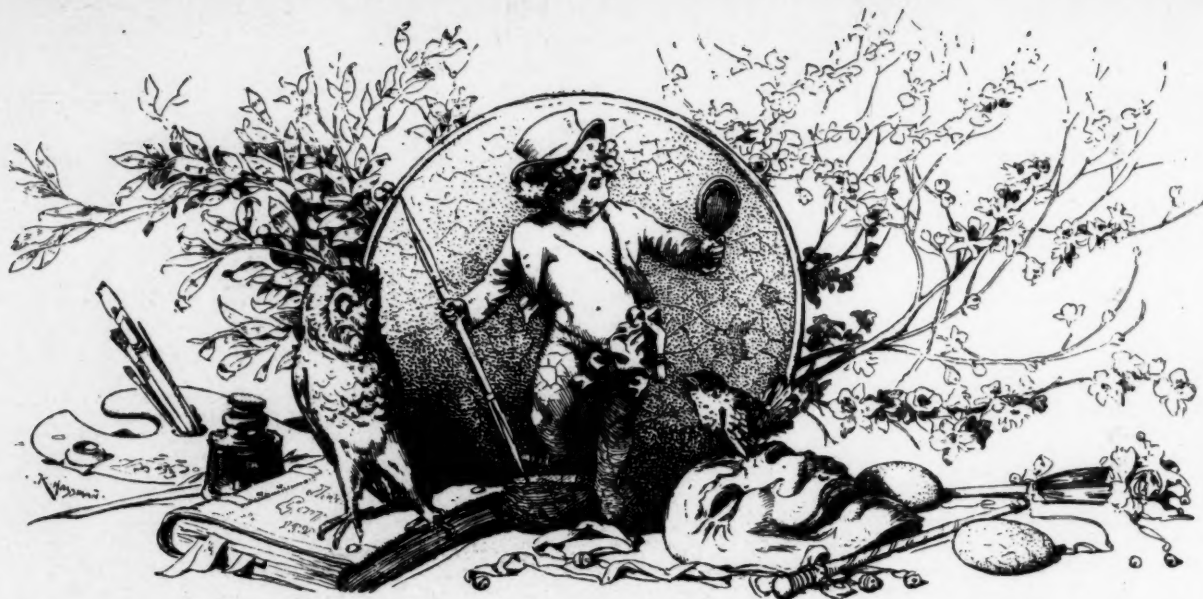
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PVCK



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Cartoons and Comments

AT ATLANTA



I.
"Teacher, kin I go home?
I feel sick!"

At a time when so many good people are striving to counteract the idea that "there is one law for the rich and another for the poor" it was unfortunate to have the MORSE case and the BRANDT case bob up at once. The sole reason for liberating MORSE, as we understand it, was because he was "a dying man." Dismissing entirely the matter of his seemingly rapid recovery, was the former banker the only prisoner with a long sentence who was dying in jail? If the mere fact that he could not live in jail was sufficient reason to let him out, why isn't a reputable doctor's certificate to that effect sufficient to liberate any prisoner? As to the BRANDT case, in which a man received a thirty-year sentence ostensibly for burglary, and for a first offense at that, it got its greatest boost into the limelight of publicity from Gov. Dix. In a memorandum His Albany Excellency took occasion to deny that there was any mystery about the case, and to rebuke those who sought to show there was, and then doubly confirmed everybody's suspicions, and created new ones where none had been before, by ordering all papers in the case sealed. MORSE was a banker whose crime injured thousands. BRANDT was a valet whose crime injured few besides himself. It may not be true that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, but one is at liberty to form his own conclusions without consulting the statute-books.

WHAT a humiliating failure the United States is, to be sure! Here, as a people, we have been boasting what a great nation we were, what a commercial power we had become, and then along comes

Mr. SCHWAB and shows us our mistake. Mr. SCHWAB says that "steel is king," although cotton used to be, and steel is the index of the country's condition, prosperity, and all that; but he also says that if Congress further reduces the tariff on steel, he will "cash in" and get out of the steel business. The steel business of the United States, it seems, is nothing in itself. Without the tariff, it cannot exist. Its product is so poor in comparison

ACADEMY.



II.
"Hee! Hee! Hee! I jest
wanted t' get out!"

with that produced in other countries that it cannot stand on its own commercial bottom and compete with the rest of the world. It is only kept from hopeless insolvency by a Government subsidy which is called the protective tariff, and if that is withdrawn, or even reduced, there will not be enough of the steel business left to make it worth Mr. SCHWAB's while to stay in it. Is it not a humiliating situation? If the Government is really guaranteeing a prosperous living to Mr. SCHWAB and his fellows in other protected lines of business, irrespective of their own merit, is it any wonder that many of the mere workers in the steel, wool, and other industries are turning to Socialism in the vague hope that the Government may some day subsidize the poor as well as the rich? While the doctrine of high protection is upheld, and the owners of steam yachts and country villas complain that they cannot exist without it, there is surely some excuse for the man on the street who says that the country owes him a living. Some people say, of course, that this is preposterous, that the country owes no man a livelihood; but then, on the other hand, Mr. CARNEGIE, who has "been a father" to Mr. SCHWAB, says that the Steel Trust needs no protection.



HOW LONG?

THE PRESENT TAKING ORDERS FROM THE PAST.

PUCK

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DANCE.



I.
THE MINUET.
"AH, SWEET LADY, AS THE POET JONSON HATH
PHRASED IT: 'DRINK TO ME ONLY
WITH THINE EYES,'"
ETC., ETC



THE WICKED CITY.

In Little Old New York, New York,
That town the country rails at so,
The devil wields his busy fork
And pitches many souls below.
But—out in moral Kokomo
He gets as big a share to fry
He grabs a greater number, though,
In Little Old New York, N. Y.

In Little Old New York, New York,
Are many cruel hearts and cold;
No sentiment do they uncork,
They care for nothing, only gold.
But—there are folks like that, I'm told,
In other places you pass by,
Not all the money-mad we hold
In Little Old New York, N. Y.

In little Old New York, New York,
Five million people live and toil;
The trains, the ships, and eke the stork
Are ever adding to the moil.
And some there be who crush and spoil,
And some who waste in revel high,
But most just make the kettle boil
In Little Old New York, N. Y.

In Little Old New York, New York,
You find the thing you seek to find:
The revelers who pull the cork,—
The people simple, honest, kind;
Vice,—if to vice you are inclined,—
Or virtue; truth or eke a lie,—
Whatever seems to suit your mind,
In Little Old New York, N. Y.

Berton Bruley.

THAT PRISONER IN SPAIN.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Charles, M. Olsen, an old man from Portland Ore., was persuaded by the New York police to give up a contemplated trip to Madrid, to liberate an unfortunate man from bondage in a Spanish prison. It would seem as though everybody in the world must by this time have some acquaintance with that famous Spanish prisoner; must have been implored to take \$15,000 or so from the bank, bring it to Madrid, and receive in exchange a trunkful of money and the custody of a lovely young girl, the daughter of the imprisoned man.

There is no more touching story in the annals of graft than this same tale of the Spanish pris-

oner, and it's little wonder that the united family efforts of the Olsens were futile toward shaking the old man's determination to enter the realms of adventure. It was quite useless to tell him that the whole story was part of a profitable swindle. The Iberian castle had taken too strong a hold upon his imagination.



II. THE WALTZ.

"IS N'T THIS FLOOR JUST
PERFECT, TO-NIGHT? I
FEEL AS IF I COULD
WALTZ FOREVER
WITH SUCH
HEAVENLY
MUSIC!"
ETC.,
ETC.



III. THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

BUT, IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHAT KIND OF CONVERSATION GOES WITH THIS?

He could see the dungeon-keep; the poor emaciated, persecuted man within; the beautiful señorita, with tantalizing eyes and sensuous mouth; the false-bottom trunk, with its hidden hoard—and has Oregon anything like these, pray?

Better and wiser men than Mr. Olsen have gone to Madrid. They have seen the señorita, and they have been, to use a more or less familiar expression, "seen and raised." Mr. Olsen has saved his \$15,000; but, when all's done, it may be that he is even now the loser for not having sailed the adventurous seas and spent his money to be a cavalier.

UNCLE FOGY'S PHILOSOPHY.

I CAN'T help suspecting people who nudge me. Paint looks better on an old house than on an old woman.

The train that I am not going on is the one that is invariably on time.

The trouble with the fool with money is that there is never near enough of him to go around.

In the advance notices of the average marriage the only good reason for mentioning the name of the groom is so that the wedding guests may be sure they are throwing their old shoes at the right man.

THE BUILDING GAME.



COME, let us build a bungalow,
Three thousand ought to do it right—
At least, the architect says so,
Although the builder says, Not quite.
We'll sit us down and watch it grow,
Come, let us start our bungalow!

Now that it's started, you can see
How well 't will look when it is done.
We'll plant shrubs here, and here a tree,
And here a flower-bed in the sun.
My, the carpenters are slow
In putting up our bungalow!

The builder says he'll have to change
The inside trim or charge us more,
And that he really can't arrange
To give us more than one oak door,
And that the fireplace, too, must go.
Too bad!—'t will spoil our bungalow.

Well, let's move in. It's not done yet,
But we can finish bit by bit.
The thing has run us deep in debt
And cost five thousand. Look at it!
Don't it look cheap and flimsy, though?
—It surely is a bungle-owe!

Walter G. Doty.

FROM THE POLKVILLE WEEKLY CLARION.

A WELL-KNOWN citizen beckoned us inside as we were passing his harness shop yesterday, and after leading us in a most cautious fashion the full length of the place, ushered us into a little back room, and, putting his mouth close to our left ear, whispered: "We are going to defeat Taft next time!" As we naturally expected the appearance of a jug of hard cider, our chagrin can be as well imagined as described.

We wish to say now, in no uncertain tones, that while, being on the other side of the political fence and a good deal of a Progressive anyhow, we are unalterably opposed to the reelection of the Hon. Taft, whoever defeats that gentleman hereafter must, as far as we are concerned, do so on the public street, and without any such inappropriate preamble. Defeat Taft all you want to, but don't arouse false hopes in our bosom.



"FORE!"

THE SECRET OF MONOLOGY.

"SAY, I guess there ain't no class to me nohow, is they, what? I sure did have some time getting it up,—this here candy costoom, I'm telling you, kid. Them's the latest from Puree, believe me! There ain't no use in talkin'. When a guy's got it framed up in his nut that he kin do a black-face talkfest, either with or without the song-and-dance to close, and hold 'em for half an hour, gittin' away with four or five bows, without the act is dressed right he's in wrong. Got me, Steve? How do I know? Look at me, bo! Gaze on me rags! Nope, they ain't no talk a-goin', no matter how many good lines is inter it, nor no matter, neither, how it's put over, that'll make a audience set up and eat out of yer hand 'nless the costoom is right! That's no false alarm, neither, I'm tellin' yer, see? Now, frinstance: Take a squint at dis here coat I got on dat I use in me monologue dis week; dis coat is a wonder, Bud, a wonder, d'ye hear? An' me own idee, too! What do yer know about dat, hey? Yer see, I got wire ran troo der seams,—dat's what makes it stick out dat way; dere's comedy in dat wire what? Then der buttons up an' down der front an' on der sleeve cuffs an' on der vest—dem's all little lookin'-glasses,—mirrors, b'gee. Dat's why dey shines so when I comes on, y' wise? Den dat cane, yer see, ain't no reg'lar walkin'-stick. Nar! Dat's made out er Injun rubber, an' I don't do nuthin' but jest hold it hooked inter me arm until I gets all troo me spiel an' ready to go off, an' den I spits out dis gag—one er me own, too, son, an' some wit, I'll tell yer—I says like dis: 'If a candy-cane looks like a barber-pole, why does a licorice-stick to a drug-store?' An' den when I says 'licorice-stick' dat's me cue ter take dis rubber cane an' tie it up in der shape of a pretzel an' shove it inter me pocket; dis always gets a scream, an' I'm good ter be called back fur two or t'ree bows an' maybe I got ter do an encore.

"Now, old socks, do yer t'ink me talk alone could make dat hit widout der funny rags an' der educated cane? Take der green gaiters wit der fake diamond buttons, der check pants I got cut so tight dey look like dey was tattooed on me legs, an' der vest wot I had made out of a real, old-fashioned crazy quilt what I pinched from a country boardin'-house las' summer especially ter git made inter dis weskit. Den take my face make-up, Louis,—do yer t'ink I'd ever expect ter git away wit a black-face act by usin' dat common garden variety of roasted cork? Why, Uncle, listen, will yer? Who ever seen a stage nigger in vaudeville dat had some 'riginality ter his make-up, hey? Know what I uses? Cocoa, kid, cocoa, nuthin' else! Would'n' b'lieve dat, would yer now, what? It sure costs me some coin, but what do I care fur a few pennies when I'm workin' fur me art, huh? I pays a good price fur de cocoa by der can, an' jest uses it der same as powder, an' if I don't git a swell Pullman-porter complexion dat way den I'm no judge er African sunburn, dat's all! Why, dat little trick alone's wort' a hundred per.

"I got ter beat it, now; me toin comes on after th' next pitchers—but listen!—take it from me as knows—dere ain't no talkin' act goin', Irish, nigger, or straight, dat kin cop der goods an' git der giggles if it ain't dressed right! Now, you know yer-self, yer could n't laugh at me in a phonograph, could yer? Because why? 'Cause yer could n't see me, dat's der why! An' ef yer could n't see der make-up, yer don't git der benefit uv der toin, am I right?

"No, sir, dere ain't no one got nothin' on me when it comes ter knowin' how ter handle der English languich, an' I can put woids over der footlights as fast as der fanciest, an' can talk rings aroun' lots uv them; an' yer kin take it from me dat der best dispenser of der conversation stunt in vovdeville can't never make no hit wit'out he's got der funny make-up! So 'long,—see yer after me act!"

Clive Newcome Hartt.



"Look at me, bo! Gaze on me rags!"



A certain Genoese optimist had the conviction that if he put to sea in a ship, and sailed far enough westward, he might make some reasonably profitable discoveries. At this time—the year was 1492—the habit of seafaring men was to keep pretty close to shore, since everybody knew that there was a place out in the ocean where the world stopped short, and that careless

mariners, coming to that point, must inevitably fall off. This hopeful fellow, Columbus by name, had a different idea. He believed that if he navigated very carefully, and kept his eyes open to repel sea-serpents and sirens, he would find the ocean looking much the same all the way to where he should arrive.

This was the folly of Columbus. It was, in the eyes of his fellow citizens, a case for the alienists, if not the police. It might be all right as a joke, but there was such a thing as navigating a joke too far. There is a

famous picture of Columbus trying to explain his plan to the talented professors of his day. The talented professors are giving Columbus the raucous laugh. When Columbus walked down the main street of Genoa of a Saturday night the townspeople put their thumbs in their ears and wiggled their fingers, declaring that they had heard of the Order of the Buffalo before, and that Christopher should never, never obtain THEIR money.

The folly of Columbus. He went to Spain; and there, by good fortune, he found a King and Queen who were willing to let him go out and see if there was a hole in the ocean. If Columbus came back, there was no hole; if he did n't come back—well, the people had more money where that came from. So Ferdinand and Isabella generously gave Christopher some of their subjects' money and took a chance. You know the rest of the story. Everybody in Genoa said that they knew it would be that way, and the landlady who ran the house where Columbus had boarded raised prices and made a fortune.

Then there was Franklin's folly. B. F. used to send up a kite during thunderstorms, believing that he might tease a little of the juice down the kite-string to an iron key. If he could do this—enough to get a shock, say—he foresaw that some day people might get some advantage out of an element which was being wasted in frightening children and giving emphasis to Calvinistic predictions.

Benjamin had a fairly good record for intelligence in the neighborhood until he began to fly that kite. If he had been a boy it would have been different; but a full-grown man, standing out in the severe storm, put-

ting his forefinger on a big key and looking as if he meant it, indicated that a great sorrow was hovering over Mr. and Mrs. Franklin. It was an awful thing, they said, to bring up a child through sickness and patient watchfulness, and then have THAT happen to him. Franklin's folly. He thought, poor fellow, that electricity might be of use to man.

And Fulton. THERE was a bad case of the unhinged mind. Fulton thought it might be possible to propel a boat over the water by artificial power. Rowing, said Robert, is one of the best exercises in the world, but very few rowers exceed the speed-limit, and some people are always in a hurry. So Fulton conceived the idea of letting Steam do it.

Fulton's folly. The man was obviously mad, if not vicious. In the first place, Robert must remember that his father and grandfather had been content to pull at the oars. Did he think he was any better than they were? Why didn't he go to work at some useful trade? Did he know that the Bible did n't mention steamboats? Even if he could make one of the things, did he suppose anyone would be so foolish as to ride on it? But the queer thing about the possessors of folly, like Fulton, is their persistence. Fulton went on, and the Hudson-Fulton Centennial was the result.

Morse believed that he could transmit messages at lightning speed on a wire. Besides being an affront to the postal system, this was clearly impossible. It was Morse's folly. It was remarked early in the discussion that the messages would slip off the wire. Also, you could n't see the words, and what you can't see ain't so. Moreover, nobody had ever sent a letter over a wire, so nobody ever could. This is a clincher. But Morse had an idea, and it is pretty hard to kill ideas. You can kill the possessor of the idea; but the first thing you know, you find that it was passed on to somebody else.

After reading the daily newspaper you may find it hard to feel eulogistic toward Morse, just as you somehow regret that Bell had the telephone idea when you discover that the penalty for being able to converse with somebody over it is that people are able to converse with you. But the folly persisted—that's the point.

Ericsson had a folly. It was called "the cheese-box on a raft" until it punctured the armor of an ironclad, when everybody called it the "Monitor," and nearly shook Ericsson's hand off. Harvey had his folly—about the circulation of the blood. He was sceptical enough to disbelieve what everybody knew to be so. Faraday and Stephenson had their follies. When you think of it, the number of follies since the world began is just about the number of real advances that have been made.

There is a point when a folly ceases to be a folly. That is when the inventor no longer needs any encouragement, when jeers no longer sting, when no more help is wanted. Then the sovereign people get together to make acknowledgments. They want to make it look as though they saw through it all, and were heart and hand with the conception. That's their worst folly.

FREEMAN TILDEN.



When a bride begins to complain that all men are alike, she might just as well pack up and go home to mamma.



IN the law under which national banks do business, it is provided that each bank shall hold such-and-such a percentage of its deposits in the form of cash. It does n't make any difference how scarce cash may become, and how urgently depositors may be clamoring for currency—when the bank is down to its "legal reserve" it has got to stop paying out cash. If it does n't, it is liable to be thrown into receivership by the Comptroller of the Currency.

There is just about as much sense in that kind of a system of reserves as there would be in an ordinance passed by some community directing that each of its citizens must at all times carry around at least five dollars in his pockets. One can imagine a citizen of that town getting back late some cold, snowy night in February—with just five dollars in his clothes. He looks through the window of a restaurant. There is warmth inside and cheer—but it is not for him. He has five dollars in his pocket, but for all the good it does him the money might as well be in Kamchatka. He can't go the hotel. He can't go anywhere. One can just imagine him taking a last look at the dinner inside, and then going off to spend the rest of the night in wandering the streets.

A lot of good that kind of a reserve does!

ONE day, when the recent dullness in the market was at its worst, the books of one of the moderate-sized stock-exchange commission houses showed just the two following transactions: Bought ten Union Pacific four per cent. bonds @ 101—commission \$12.50. Bought 100 Interborough common @ 18—commission \$25.

The first transaction was for an investor. He had written the firm three letters, all of which had

been answered at length, and had discussed his prospective investment with one of the partners for an hour, besides calling up several times on the telephone. On that deal the house made \$12.50. On the other deal, made on a speculative client's snap judgment and occupying not more than four or five minutes, the commission amounted to \$25—just twice as much.

With things fixed that way, is it any wonder that "investment departments" among the commission houses are the exception rather than the rule?

TRUE or not, there is something absolutely delicious in the story that Dr. Cook got paid in stock for the articles he wrote for *Hampton's Magazine*.

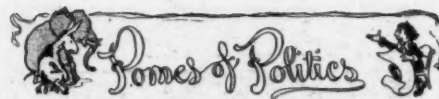
"IT is not because we are frightened that we tremble," wrote the late William James; "we are frightened because we tremble." "Because of the plethoric state of the money market," the commission houses are telling their clients (what would they do without the good old word "plethoric"?) "the stock-market is bound to become active and go up."

Any connection between the two things? Lots of it. It's certainly just as reasonable to say that we are frightened because we tremble as to say that because money is plentiful the stock-market may be expected to get active and go up. There's just one big reason why money is so plentiful, and that is because the stock-market is so inactive.

FROM the editorial rooms of one of the financial publications on New Street you can look across into the office of a Consolidated Exchange house which makes a specialty of handling women's accounts. All day long the famed intuitive sense plays around the ticker by the window. All day long the tape is the cynosure (whatever that may be) of fair eyes.

Quite by accident we happened in there the other day. It was necessary to say something quickly, so we asked the manager whether women traders had a good sense of mathematics. "Mathematics?" he replied. "Why, can't you see for yourself that every one of them is good at figures?"

Franklin.



SWEEPING THE COUNTRY.

"President Taft will be renominated, and he will sweep the country."—A Bill Boomer.

He may, it is true,
But you never can tell;
His broom may be new,
He may handle it well,
No candidate brisker or keener;
But sweep as he may,
His chances are canned,
And Fate says him Nay,
If abroad in the land
Is a man with a vacuum-cleaner.

North, East, South, and West
He may lustily sweep;
Just doing his best
To amass a big heap,
Like a plodding old biblical gleaner;
But he has n't much show,
In fact, not a bit;
And he may as well go
Away back and sit,
If he vies with a vacuum-cleaner.

It once was a fact
That to sweep would suffice:
Whoe'er did the act
Had the votes in a vise,
And the right to a victor's demeanor.
But, William, if you
Want to stay in D. C.,
Shove the broom up the flue;
Get a Hundred H. P.
Double-riveted vacuum-cleaner!

A. H. Folwell.

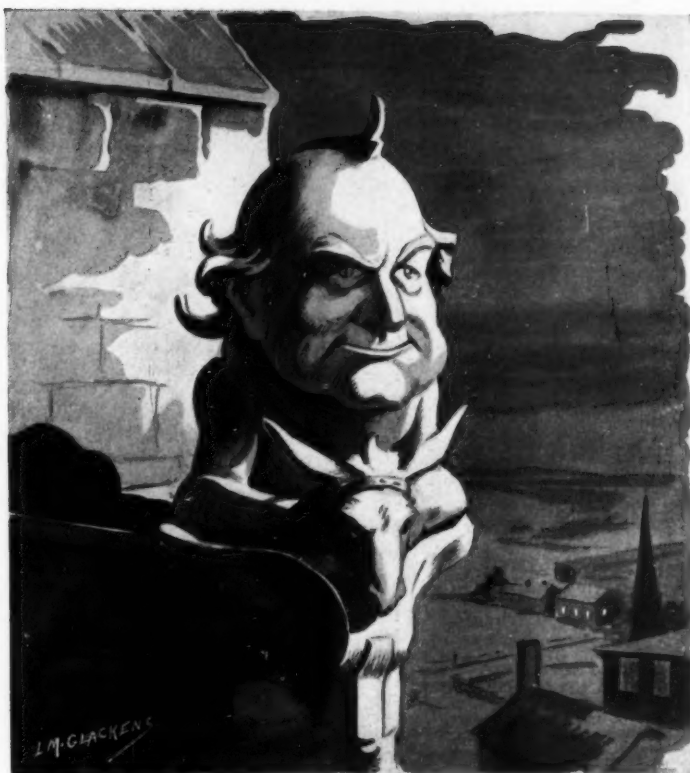
LOST: SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH OF AFRICA, ONE WAR.



AS WE BELIEVED IT TO BE AT THE OUTSET.



AS WE ARE NOW CONVINCED IT IS.



PUCK'S GARGOYLES.

VIII.—HEREBY OFFERED TO THE HON. OSCAR UNDERWOOD FOR HIS ALABAMA HOME.

DEAR DOCTOR CRONIN.



CHONE, Docthor Cronin,
Mesilf do be ownin'
Thot yez are a miracle-worker for sure;
Yez kapes me from dying
Though hard 't is Oi'm thrying
To thravel fut foremost beyant troo th' dure.

But, dear Docthor Cronin,
Oi'm growlin' an' groanin',
For niver a penny is left in me purse;
It sure sets me hopping
The dollars Oi'm dhropping;
'T is me for the poorhouse instead av th' hearse!

M. L. Murdock.

THE TRUTHFUL FATHER.



O, WILLY, I am not punishing you half so much for your own good as to let off a little of my bad temper. It is going to hurt you a great deal more than it is me—I hope so, anyway.

It is true that you did the same thing yesterday, that I saw nothing wrong in the act then, and that I let it go unpunished—even laughed at it a little; but yesterday and to-day are two different days, and a full-grown man is a creature of many moods. You would n't be guilty of such inconsistency, but you are only a little boy; and the unreasoning, perverse, bull-headed part of your nature is not yet developed. I am punishing you mainly because the boss had occasion to reprimand me to-day, and I feel the necessity of getting even on some one. I dare n't say a word back to the boss, but I am not at all afraid of you.

I have already let your mother feel my displeasure at the boss's conduct, and it is your turn now. I am not in the least surprised at your behavior; it is what any rational man would expect in a boy; indeed, it would be hard to find anything very reprehensible about it. But it serves very well for an excuse for a beating, and that is just what I was looking for. I do not feel that this whipping is going to be of any future benefit to you, but I know it is going to make me feel a lot better. There is no

reason at all why you should feel ashamed of your conduct, but there is every reason why I should feel ashamed of mine.

No, Willy, I was not an extraordinarily good boy who never gave my mother a moment's worry. I got a great many whippings, but I richly deserved them all; and I lied myself out of many that I deserved even more. I cannot ask you to follow the example I set when a boy, because it was not a shining one.

In short, Willy, I am whipping you merely because I am larger than you are, and because I am naturally a good deal of a bully. No one outside of my own household is the least bit afraid of me, so I must do my utmost to be feared at home.

W. G. D.

AN INQUIRY ALMOST CERTAIN.

IN the midst of what an enthusiastic newspaper calls "the most brilliant array of feminine pageantry which German society has ever seen," John G. A. Leishman, ambassador from the United States to Germany, presented twenty-five Americans to the Kaiser at the opening of the German Court. The ambassador and his secretaries wore "court uniforms of navy blue, with collars, sleeves, and trousers heavily bordered with gold braid. They also carried swords, and cocked hats with white and black plumes."

Presumably Mr. Leishman knows that he is taking long chances, so far as his reputation at home is concerned, when he permits himself that cocked hat. Concerning the gold braid, little would be said. It is a vanity usually permitted, even under democratic forms of government, to military and naval officers, drum-majors, circus-paraders, and such diplomatic representatives as care to avail themselves of it. The sword will be harder to explain to residents of Ebenezer, Missouri, and Sauk Center, Minnesota. The natural remonstrance will be that if Mr. Leishman did not feel safe in going to the German Court without carrying weapons of defense, our government had better sever connections with that country at once, and hereafter import no more beer, musical toys, or potash.

But the cocked hat, with its black and white plumes, is likely to cause talk. It may appear to our simple, unpretentious people that a man who has his easy choice of the elegant derby, the hirsute fedora, and the broad-brimmed slouch, and then deliberately wears a hat which has the sanction neither of the Hat-Makers' Union, nor of the Associated Hat Manufacturers, nor of the best Fifth Avenue stores, it is about time to investigate.



WILL woman ever be man's political equal in the sense that she can make a stump speech without the reporters feeling that they ought first of all to state what she has on?



"PROGRESS AND POVERTY."

It may not be wise to believe all we hear, but it is well to use discretion in our declarations of incredulity.



THE PUCK PRESS

START THE RECALL OF JUD



ALL OF JUDGES WITH THIS ONE.



PUTTING HIM IN HIS PLACE.

FIRST OLD PARK LOUNGER.—I wonder what's become of the old fellow who used to always occupy this bench?

SECOND DITTO (*acidly*).—He died yesterday, and what's more, he left this bench to ME!

THE CORRECTION OF PARENTS.

WHEN a jury in Hackensack, N. J., refused to convict two sons and a son-in-law of an aged furniture dealer of that city, after a trial in which the young men were charged with assault and battery upon the parent, a severe blow fell upon the ancient tradition of domestic precedence. For many years it has been increasingly evident that parental authority is a myth; that the only question that remains for adjudication concerns the extent to which children are justified in maintaining discipline in the home.

In the case of Mr. Schultz, of Hackensack, it was testified that the son-in-law "kicked and gave a stomach-punch" to the elderly man, which pretty effectually knocked any ideas of resistance out of him. Mr. Schultz was then, according to the testimony, forcibly undressed and placed in bed, with the advice, "Now, Pop, for heaven's sake try and keep quiet." No doubt, under the gentle narcotic influence of the stomach-punch, the request was obeyed.

Some will say that the children of Mr. Schultz went a little too far in correcting the aged parent.

THE POLICE-DOG GETS RELIGION.



"This beat is so lonely that even the Salvation Army would be welcome."



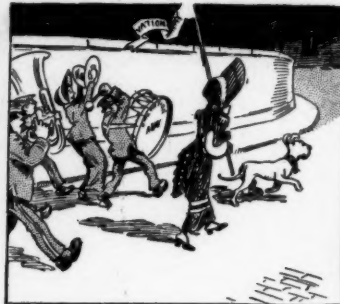
"I'll just make a friendly call for an hour or two."



"Get out you!"



"As I live, the Police Doggie!"



"He knows where there's a soul to be saved!"



"Just a mite to help the cause!"

There are certain well-known objections to corporeal punishment, and it is an open question how far moral suasion may be as effective as the rod. But to those not of the Schultz family it is hard to draw conclusions. For all we know, Mr. Schultz may be an incorrigible father, and of course that would make all the difference in the world.

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

"If dar am a brudder or sistah present dis mawnin' dat is n't c'lar in his mind 'bout any p'int in de Scriptures," said good old Parson Bagster, "if he will make his 'terrygation knowed, I will answer it to de best o' muh disability."

"Well, den, sah," a trifle condescendingly answered a semi-educated young yellow man, rising in the midst of the congregation, "if yo' will be so kind, please 'lighten me as to who was Cain's wife?"

"Dar, now, Brudder Bogus—dat's yo' name, ain't it?—(and I heahs tell dat yo' ain considered a pow'ful bright young man, over dar at Tumlinville, whuh yo' comes f'um!)" replied the clergyman, in no wise nonplussed. "I loves young men—especially dem, like young Brudder Bogus dar, dat deir heads boolges like a cantylope—uhkase muh mission in life am to teach, and dey has so Lawd-blessed much to learn! And I kin give Brudder Bogus, and all de rest o' dem bright young brudders, a piece uv advice dat will be wuth mo' to 'em dan many sparrers if dey'll dess heed it: Don't resk yo' soul's salvation and run de chances o' gittin' yo' hides filled wid shot uh-pesterin' 'bout udder men's wives! De choir will now vociferate!"



AMBASSADOR ABBOTT.

PERHAPS OUR NEXT REPRESENTATIVE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

CHORES.

HE knocked gently at the back door, and it was opened by the farmer's wife.

"Well?" she inquired, in her most forbidding tone.

"Excuse me, madam, but as you see, I'm a tramp, and anxious to get a bite to eat; where is the woodpile?"

"There is no woodpile. We heat the house by steam and use nothing but coal."

"Possibly I can water the stock, feed the pigs, or pitch a little hay?"

"This is a chicken farm. We need no help of that sort."

"Is n't there anything I can do to earn a sandwich?"

"Well, yes, you might go 'round in back and help my husband put a tire on the automobile."

SPENDTHRIFT.

UNCLE EZRA.—Do you think the money young Eph Hoskins made down in New York will last him long?

UNCLE EBEN.—You bet it won't! He's going at an awful pace. I was down in the General Store last night, and young Eph was writing hundred-dollar checks and lighting his cigars with them.

THE MAGIC WAND.



THE CRY IS: "BACK TO THE LAND." THE PARCEL POST WILL GIVE A MAN A CHANCE FOR A LIVING WHEN HE GETS THERE.

REAL WINTER WEATHER.



WHEN the squeak gets into the snow, you know,
Where the people pass in the street,
And you sit inside by the hearth-fire's glow
And bask in the pleasant heat—
Just give me a book, and the world can go,
When the squeak, you know, gets into the snow.

When the squeak gets into the snow, you know,
And folks hold on to their ears,
And the mercury's down to two below,
And you think of the plumbing with fears—
A book, and I'll try to forget what I owe,
When the squeak, you know, gets into the snow.

When the squeak gets into the snow, you know,
And windows are white with frost,
And the polar breezes shrieking blow,
And the bare, brown limbs are tossed:
A book, and the world's an empty show,
When the squeak, you know, gets into the snow.

When the squeak gets into the snow, you know,
And you hate to get out of your chair;
And the sunlight's clear and bright although
It fails to warm up the air—
Please hand me a book from my favorite row,
When the squeak, you know, gets into the snow.

Walter G. Doty.

THE law, being bound by tradition, knows no degree of larceny higher than grand larceny, whereas in our bustling civilization larceny not less than sublime is more and more met with.

APPRAISING ITS VALUE.

THE great emotional actress was laboring under intense excitement. "My diamond tiara has been stolen!" she exclaimed. "How much is it worth?" asked the press-agent callously. "That is up to you," replied the G. E. A. "It ought to be worth at least a column."

WHAT a man will do for politics is astonishing; what politics will do for a man is shocking.



A PLEA FOR CONSERVATION.

THE LECTURER.—Ah, ladies! You who would enter the uncertain field of political life, I pray you reconsider! Leave force to us of the sterner sex, and content yourselves in guarding your own precious charm and beauty!

CHORUS.—Bravo! Bravo!!

The farther apart are the two sides of a story, the less likely, perhaps, is there to be an end of the story.

OLD I.W. HARPER WHISKEY



THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED STILL THE BEST.

Note style of bottling

This is the Guaranteed Original Package.

It is handled by the best dealers thruout the United States. If you cannot find it we will tell you where you can be supplied right in your neighborhood.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

All over America

White Rock

THE MOST POPULAR WATER



SHERMAN'S INSPIRATION.

The Chinese prototype of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is beautifully brief and simple. It contains but four paragraphs, which are as follows:

"Those who deal with merchants unfairly are to be beheaded.

"Those who interrupt commerce are to be beheaded.

"Those who attempt to close the markets are to be beheaded.

"Those who maintain the prosperity of commerce are to be rewarded."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

MAN AND HIS WAYS.

Robert Henri, the painter, was talking about those millionaires who buy, merely to show off, doubtful "old masters" at fabulous prices.

"Their knowledge of art," Mr. Henri said, "is about equal to that of the sausage manufacturer who said to Whistler:

"What would you charge to do me in oil?"

"Ten thousand dollars," said Whistler promptly.

"But suppose I furnish the oil?" said the millionaire."—*Dallas News*.

AN ORGY OF DESPAIR.

Two women were leaving the theatre after a performance of "The Doll's House."

"Oh, don't you love Ibsen?" asked one ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all of the hope out of life!" — *Success*.

CLERK (to Patent-Medicine Man).— Here is a curious testimonial from one of our customers.

MEDICINE MAN.— Read it.

CLERK.— "Before I took your elixir my face was a sight. You ought to see it now. Send me another bottle for my mother-in-law."—*Harlem Life*.

Pears'

A soft, fine grained skin is a valued possession.

Pears' Soap gives title to ownership.

Established in 1789.



A Strange Catastrophe

THIS tree had stood in City Hall Park, New York, for nearly a hundred years. It showed no signs of decay. One day while the park was crowded with persons hurrying to their homes all unconscious of danger, with no apparent cause and without warning it fell and injured a score of persons—three seriously.

Just as sudden and unexpected are most of the accidents which occur daily. No mind can foresee them. No amount of caution can prevent them.

Amid such unseen dangers the only sensible thing is to carry a policy of accident insurance. Such a policy provides for the cost of injury by loss of time and in case of death takes care of the family. You have escaped the accidents of yesterday. To-morrow is yet to come. To-day is the time to act.

We paid last year 15,719 personal accident claims with benefits amounting to \$1,713,046.

MORAL: Insure in the TRAVELERS



The Travelers Insurance Company
HARTFORD, CONN.

Please send me particulars regarding ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Occupation _____ Name _____
Age _____ Business Address _____
City _____ State _____



"Give us a suck o' yer toffee, Lucy."

"No, I won't! But you may kiss me while my mouf is sticky!"—*Sydney Bulletin*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ONE ON THE MAJOR.

The story is told in Washington that a member of the medical corps with the rank of major was in his quarters at a Southern army post one evening when he received a message from a woman living near the fort. The woman was in distress. One of her small children had swallowed a piece of parched corn, and the kernel had become lodged in its windpipe. "Please hurry up, doctor," the woman urged, in a hastily-penned note, "my baby is strangling. Be sure to bring your lancet."

On receiving the note from the distracted mother, the medico sent word back to the woman that if she desired his services she should at least address him as major, as deference to his rank demanded that, if not common decency.

The messenger returned in a few minutes almost exhausted. He had delivered the terse reply to the woman and handed the answer, a second appeal to the army surgeon. The corrected note ran: "Then hurry, major, for my baby is dying. Bring your sabre."—*Indianapolis News*.

COOK'S

IMPERIAL
Extra Dry
America's Most Popular Champagne

SINCE 1859

Rich, Delicious Flavor and Exquisite Bouquet
At All First Class Restaurants, Hotels and Clubs

Served Everywhere

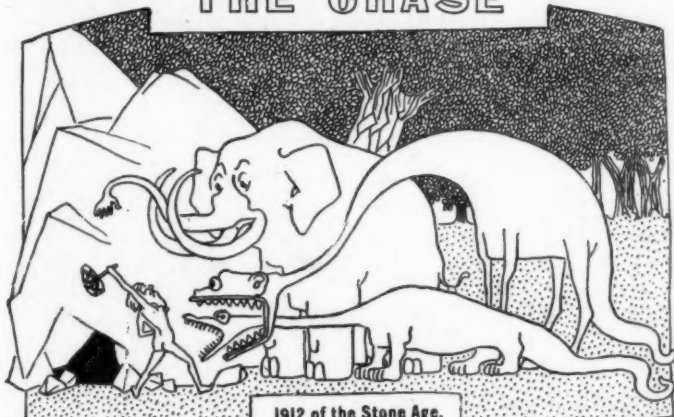
FATERNAL THEORY.
In theory, father gets up at the dawn,
And ere he puts anything permanent on
Runs down to the basement and picks up a shovel
And throws on some coal to get heat in the hovel.
In theory, father devotes his whole soul
To sifting the ashes and shoveling the coal,
And then with the grating industriously tinkers
And gropes with his hands for immovable clinkers.

In theory, father in summer at dawn
Is eagerly running to barber the lawn;
And, singing a song that proclaims jubilation,
Gives thanks to his gods for this fine recreation!

In theory, father swears not at the rock
That shatters his blade with a terrible shock,
But, blending philosophy in with his smiling,
Goes cheerfully into his new job of filing!

In theory, father is swift on his wing
To beat out the carpets at coming of spring,
And, always elated to meet his wife's wishes,
Considers it pleasure to help wipe the dishes!
In fact, taken purely in theory, dad
Is always agreeable, never gets mad;
Is up with the birds, and his soul is poetical—
But you understand, friend, this is all theoretical!
—Baltimore Sun.

THE CHASE



1912 of the Stone Age.



1912 of the Christian Era. J. Leonard

LITTLE PANELS DEDICATED TO THE ENEMIES OF THE CHASE.

—Le Rire.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ANY PORT IN A STORM.

In a northern seaport town there is a wealthy but illiterate man who owns many vessels and follows their courses over the seas by aid of a large atlas and a ten-horse-power magnifying glass.

"I've just had a letter," he said to a neighbor, "from one of my captains, and he tells me he's been in a fearful storm. I'll read you from his letter what puzzles me. He says:

"The waves rose like mountains. We were driven before the wind to the danger of our lives and put into great jeopardy."

"What I want to know," said the shipowner, "is, where is Great Jeopardy? It's somewhere in the Mediterranean, but I can't find it on this map anywhere."
—M. A. P.

HOSTESS.—Why, Mr. Smith, I've hardly seen you all the evening! Now, I particularly want you to come and hear a whistling solo by my husband.

SMITH (whose hearing is a trifle indistinct).—A whisky and soda with your husband? Well, I don't mind if I do have just one!—Punch.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes, Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Sole Agents for United States.



VON BLUMER.—What's the matter? You look sad.

DIMPLETON.—I feel sad. This morning I deceived my wife for the first time.

VON BLUMER.—Oh, is that all? Pooh! You'll recover. Don't let that worry you.

DIMPLETON.—But it does, old man; she caught me at it.—Detroit Free Press.

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!

Like The Train-Boy

PUCK Pokes Fun at Everybody and Everybody Enjoys It.



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Tell Your Newsdealer

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NEXT WEEK.

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Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

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TWO POINTS OF VIEW.



J. NORMAN LYND.

That of the Man Who Owes a Little Money to Somebody; and



That of the Man Who Owes a Lot of Money to Everybody.

The American Newspaper Annual and Directory.

144 pages, royal octavo, cloth, \$5.00 net, carriage extra, postage 60 cents. Published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, Philadelphia.

The forty-fourth year of continuous publication brings us the 1912 edition of this comprehensive review of the newspaper and magazine field. To the publishers of this country and to those having dealings with them this work is most useful. The facts and figures pertaining to each of the 24,345 publications listed are presented in a condensed and get-at-able form.

The Annual and Directory is now the only publication of its kind which is compiled from information gathered each year from original sources. Mr. George P. Rowell was the first to compile such a work, and for many years he issued the American Newspaper Directory in the interest of publishers and advertisers. Following his death, the Directory, with its records, copyrights and property, was sold to N. W. Ayer & Son, who combined it with their Annual.

A specially valuable feature of the present volume is the population of over eleven thousand towns, little and big, as given by the recent U. S. Census.

As always, special attention has been given to the important matter of circulation figures. Where satisfactory signed or sworn statements have been made these figures are presented; otherwise the editor of the Annual has estimated the circulation from the best and latest information at his command.

Supplementary to the general catalogue are 201 lists of daily papers, magazines, women's publications, mail-order publications, agricultural, religious, and the various trade and class papers, each class listed under a separate head. This useful feature of the book is kept fully abreast of the times, as is indicated by three of its headings: Aeronautics, Moving Pictures, and Esperanto.

The Annual and Directory likewise presents a vast amount of up-to-date gazetteer information showing the transportation, banking and other facilities of every town in which a newspaper is published, together with references to its leading industries and characteristics. This feature is supplemented by a specially prepared map of each state, showing every newspaper town. Convenience and conciseness have been carefully studied throughout, and the book places at the disposal of publishers, of advertisers, of business men, of students, librarians, etc., a vast amount of fresh information not to be procured elsewhere.

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lasts. It will shine out. It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

CHALLENGE
Brand WATERPROOF
A waterproof collar perfect in its linen finish and texture. Saves bother, time and laundry bills. All dealers. Style Book Free.
The Arlington Company
135 Broadway, New York
Established 1883
Collars 25c Cuffs 50c

WIGGS. — Bjones is very hard to please, is n't he?

WAGGS. — Almost as hard to please as a college graduate looking for his first job. — *Washington Record.*

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,
are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp W. F. Young, P.D.F.: 425 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.

TURN ABOUT FAIR PLAY.

The little tot, after tiring herself out playing at summersaults, addressed her mother and said: "Muvver, I'm tired of playing summersaults, and don't know what to play." Her mother was occupied and gave the question little notice, when the child continued: "Well, I fink I will turn some winter peppers."

RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION.



PROPRIETOR (instructing new waiter). — You can always give that gentleman at the corner table the worst in the house. He'll kick just the same even if you give him the very best.

— *Fliegende Blätter.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

MRS. DE STYLE. — Marie, I shall take one of the children to church with me.
THE MAID. — Yes'm.

MRS. DE STYLE. — Which one will go best with my new purple gown?
— *Boston Transcript.*

ARE YOU A BEE KEEPER OR A BIG GAME HUNTER?



Or a dogowner? Or a fisherman? A camper? A yachtman? An apple grower? Or a man with a broken leg?

Then there's an **OUTING HANDBOOK** ready for you or in preparation for you. They tell you how to do things man-to-man fashion. Ask your book seller or send for circular.

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WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE BUMPKIN.

This is an example of Puck's Original Drawings.
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